

called. And here is shown great unselfishness on the part of Charles Lamb, for had he allowed his sister to be confined in a place of safety he could have settled down in life. Under these circumstances one would not have been surprised if Lamb had become morose and morbid, shunning the society of his fellow-men. But such was not the case; on the contrary, he was very cheerful and bright on the whole, taking a lively interest in all things round him, and only *once* breaking down, when he exclaimed to a friend in a fit of despondency that it would be better if his sister were dead. Tenderest affection as well as tastes and sympathies in common united the brother and sister. Prominent among such tastes was the love of Shakespeare and the Dramatic Literature of the Elizabethan Period. In 1807 Charles Lamb and his sister undertook to simplify Shakespeare's Plays for the benefit of young people; Lamb writing the tragedies and his sister the comedies.

Lamb did not shine as a dramatist. A dramatist writes objectively while he remains hidden himself. He indulges in a continuous representation of figures, recurring over and over again. Lamb, on the other hand, preferred a momentary and fleeting view; that is the reason of his success as an essay writer. Lamb was an Egoist; there is a very personal note running through some of his work, but it is not the egoism of a bore. One could not possibly be "bored" when reading the "Essays of Elia" for instance, though simple subjects are treated, *e.g.*, "The Dissertation on Roast Pig," one realizes that a master-hand has written these Essays. In speaking on such a subject as the above, Lamb is not speaking in a matter of fact way about "Roast Pig," only concerning himself with the mere facts, but with *his* own view of such, and consequently *our* ideas also, for he concludes that that which interests him must of course interest us. And one certainly does catch the wit and humour in them, and realize how keenly alive to the affairs of daily life Lamb must have been. Sun, sky, even fog, all natural objects, animals, domestic virtues, all combined in their influence over one of our most interesting writers—Charles Lamb.

M. L. H.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE STUDENT.

II.—FROM A MAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

There were quite a score of them! I had come once more to the spot where, long ago, I had loved to look down on Windermere. I had meant to be alone with nature, or, if I thought of human company, I should only have desired the looming and fading, and fading and looming of the ghosts of the dear old posts of the lakes. But another fate beset me. I felt as if I had plunged into a swarm of bees. And they were so many; surely their hive must be near, and their keeper. Afterwards I learnt that Miss Mason was the bee-mistress, the House of Education the hive, and that these busy bodies were specimens of the inmates. I write as an impressionist. I am only concerned with these fair girls whom I saw entangled in the birchwood by the lake. One thing was certain: they were all alive. There was an air of conquest about them; not of the conquests which girls make. The world should be their oyster and they would open it; they were going to win. Half of them were seated—a touch too straight up to be graceful, a trifle too vigorous to be entrancing—on tufted knolls and gnarled roots, easels before them, pencils in vertical lines in front of their noses. They seemed inclined to make nature ashamed of herself in her present poor guise; their card-board would teach her what she ought to be. There was a sincerity and intensity of purpose in their mein indicating that no lack of thoroughness should mar their work; but they knew they would succeed, no cloud of coming failure shadowed their bright faces. The other half were literally bees flitting to and fro among the flowers, and coming, with their treasures, to the nature-mistress—herself not so very old a girl—to learn their names and classes and all the nature-science lore which the Princess Ida used to teach the ladies of her court. I did, by and bye, attempt to give my impressions a sort of setting by inquiring

what sort of education all this meant; what manner of life these girls were to live. Oh! I was told, they are to be governesses. And Miss Mason's idea is that they should not be like daintily-cut crystal vases filled to the brim with a jumble of essences, each excellent in its own fragrance, but terrible when poured out in the uncertain mixture, on hapless babes. Her governesses are not to be carefully-moulded, well-charged vessels, but girls, real girls, human girls, girls flexible in body and in mind, with all their senses about them, alert, ready for emergencies, so accustomed to nature-study that they can study the human nature of their pupils, so awake themselves that they can awaken, and with such an interest in the world and in life, that they can make life interesting. This is what I gathered; but I am not going to write a dissertation on the subject. My mind and my heart return to the birchwood. I am not sorry that I was forbidden to enjoy my reveries. I think, from what I saw, I might do worse than entrust my boys and girls, if I had any, to one of these bright, quick, joyous girls to be trained.

PETÖFI SÁNDOR (ALEXANDER PETÖFI).

In the first hour of the year 1823, the great Hungarian lyric poet was born at Kis (Little) Körös, not far from Buda-Pest, on that wonderful Lowland which stretches for hundreds of miles, a shimmering sea of green or golden corn, where the sun delights to play his fairy tricks of Fata Morgana or mirage. Sándor's father was a well-to-do butcher, who loved his son, though he could not understand the poet-soul that gradually unfolded before his eyes; and in such cases it is almost equally impossible for the greater to comprehend the less. Good Petöfi Stefan was hurt, too, by his son's refusal to follow him in his occupation:—

Von Kindheit an, geliebter Vater,
Dein treuer Mund mich ernstlich bat,
Ich sollt', wie du, ein Metzger werden—
Dein Sohn jedoch ward Literat.

Mit deinem Werkzeug schlägst du Ochsen,
Mein Kiel schlägt auf die Menschen los—
Genau genommen ist's dasselbe,
Verschieden ist der Name bloss.

(Translated by J. G.)

Sándor's mother was a loving, simple-minded woman, whom her son adored with reverent tenderness:—

Wozu machst du dir, theure Mutter,
Des Schwarzbrotts wegen so viel Noth?
Es mag ja sein, dass in der Fremde
Dein Sohn sich nährt mit weissrem Brot.

Gieb uns das Brot her, theure Mutter,
Mag es so schwarz wie immer sein:
Bei dir schmeckt besser mir das schwarze,
Als sonst wenn's noch so weiss und fein.—(J. G.)